THE LADY'S

# WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.] *Saturday, April* 1....1809. [NO. 23.

## *MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.*

### A PANTOMIMIC TALE.

*(Concluded.)*

THE whole party seems petrified, not excepting Mrs. Betty. Yes, yes, Mrs. Betty! I make no doubt, that your mistress's secret-keeper had many a pretty perquisite, but now you must prepare yourself to look about for another place.

Oh! how Sempronius storms! How he threatens the lover! How he upbraids his wife! How, with his hands clasped together, he devotes himself to the infernal deities, if he does not take most ample vengeance on the authors of his dishonour! The stranger seems to be converted into marble by this unexpected appearance, for he has not yet had the power of quitting his kneeling attitude.

Sempronius makes such an uproar, that he will soon raise the whole house. The company is already increased by two new comers, but their stature and shape easily enable me to recognize them for old acquaintances: the one is a large water-spaniel, which I have often seen running about the house; the other short figure, who holds a rush-light, and stands there astonished, in his shirt, can be no other than Willy. I suppose his father's voice had broken his sleep, and made him tremble, lest thieves should have found their way into the lumber-room, for the express purpose of carrying off such a treasure, as his two darling pictures.

His entrance only serves to increase the displeasure of Sempronius. I think I can hear him cry at this distance—"What business have you out of bed, sir?"—and at the same time applies a hearty blow on the round cheek of poor Willy. The boy staggers under the effect of this uncivil salutation, and fearful of a second, he hastens out of the room; only in his confusion mistaking the way out, he suddenly pulls open the door of Edward's room, and.....why! what the deuce have we got here! A *sixth* person has tumbled headforemost into the room; Willy has fallen undermost; the spaniel helps the general confusion by barking, and has established him-

self on the back of the outstretched intruder.

Willy has dragged himself from under his oppressor; he calls off the dog; raises the new-comer, (who brings his garments hastily into order) and is rewarded for his kindness by a second sound box on the ear. No, fair lady! (for it seems the intruder is a female) even if that action had not revealed you, that shape and air are not to be mistaken: you can be no other than our dearly beloved aunt. I suppose, the kind soul was indulging her innocent curiosity to know how the storm would end, which she had been so instrumental in raising.—With this view, she concealed herself in the adjoining bed-room; and she was in the very act of listening at the key-hole with all her ears, when Willy unexpectedly pulled away the supporting door, and occasioned her to make her entrance into the society in a manner so novel and unceremonious.

This occurrence has the power of suspending even the torrent of Sempronius's resentment for a moment; the seducer has now recovered the use of his faculties, and has quitted his kneeling posture. He seems disposed to make use of the present confusion, in order to effect his escape; I saw Mrs. Betty whisper him, and I guess, that it was a kind hint to seize the opportunity of withdrawing; for he pulls his hat still more over his eyes, and advances towards the door.

But Sempronius is aware of his intention; he springs after the fugitive, grasps him furiously by the arm, and forces him back into the middle of the chamber.

Now, shame on the dastardly wretch—the seducer falls at the feet of the man, whom he has so grossly injured; and with uplifted hands seems to implore his compassion—and Cordelia . . . . . I am amazed at her assurance! she walks boldly up to her husband, as if she could justify what in itself is totally unjustifiable—or is she going honestly to avow her preference for the young offender, and her determination to set her husband's anger, and the contempt of the world at defiance? I should rather suppose the latter; for, with a confident air she extends her right hand to the kneeling stranger—and takes the dark lanthorn out of *his!*—What is *that* for? Hey dey! Now she pulls the seducer's hat off, throws the light full upon his face, and shows her husband . . . . . huzza! huzza! huzza! Edward, by Heaven!

Virtuous Cordelia, what injustice have we all done you! How rejoiced am I to find myself mistaken, and Sempronius (I fancy) is by no means dissatisfied in finding a banished son, where he expected to find a favoured lover! It is at least certain, that he does not withdraw the hand which Ed-

ward has seized, and is in the act of pressing it to his lips; and what makes me confident that his features have relaxed something of their severity is, that Mrs. Betty is disposed to profit by the present moment to obtain absolution for her own share in the business, and without more ceremony, she plumps down on her knees, close by Edward. And now Cordelia turning the lanthorn away from Edward's face, and throwing the light full upon her suppliant abigail's, discovers, not the features of Mrs. Betty, but those of a girl, not more than seventeen, and lovely as the virgins of Mahomet's fabled paradise.

This then was the object of this midnight conference. While we fancied Edward many hundred miles distant from London, love had forbade his wandering further than the residence of his beloved: and for what purpose he sought it, is now made quite evident, for he holds up the left hand of the fair stranger, and points to the ring, which ornaments the wedding-finger—this important step once taken, he communicated it to his adopted mother; he entreated permission to make known to her the bride of his selection (perhaps) before he set forward to seek with her his fortune through the world. This request must certainly have been conveyed in the supposed love-letter, brought by the millliner's girl; the short space of time occupied in the perusal of her answer, (as I said before) proved, that it only contained a few words, probably nothing more than the time and place of meeting; and as Sempronius was ignorant of the address on the back, Edward must have taken the precaution of desiring his step-mother to direct to him under a feigned name, fearful lest his father by some accident, should discover his being still in the metropolis, and prevent Cordelia from granting the so much desired meeting. The conversation which succeeded her return from the country, left me no doubt, that all intercourse between his wife and son had been prohibited by the stern Sempronius; Cordelia was obliged to have recourse to mystery, however innocent her purpose; and the neglected lumber-room (as being least liable to observation from the servants) was fixed upon as the most fit place for the interview, at which she proposed not only to embrace her step-son's wife as her adopted daughter, but to smooth the difficulties of their road through life, by giving the new-married couple all the pecuniary assistance which it lay in her power to command. It was for this purpose, she sealed up the bank-notes so carefully; it was for this—but while I am making these reflexions, a most animated conference has taken place between the undeceived Sempronius and his amiable sister—he seems to reproach her and her misrepresentations for having practised upon his foibles, and rendered him so

unjust to his wife, so harsh to his son, so contemptible in the eyes of them both, and even of himself. But the fair accused-one does not listen to his remonstrances, without evident signs of displeasure. She enters upon her defence with the more warmth, the less there is reason upon her side—he rejoins—she replies—with every moment their expostulations grow more vehement. But now Cordelia interposes like an angel of peace, gently places one white hand before the lips of her incensed husband, and extends the other in sign of amity to her embarrassed sister-in-law. It is received with an air of overstrained humility that shows Miss Grimalkin would still be impertinent, if she dared; and now she thinks it full as well to take her departure, courtesying all around her repeatedly, and down to the very ground, and taking care to display all those signs of ironical civility, which convert the compliment into an insult. Now she has reached the door, and turning her back most heroically upon the company, with all the majesty of a turkey-cock, she gratifies me with her absence. Good night; thou model of stale virginity!—Sleep soundly upon your well-earned laurels, and may your dreams be as sweet as your temper!

With her departure from our horizon, all clouds seem to vanish. Her brother appears to be grown quite another man—his brow is so clear, his countenance is so much brightened, and his whole attitude expresses, that he feels so much more at his ease! Now he embraces his charming wife, and that repentant kiss entreats her pardon of his unjust suspicions. Now he extends the hand of paternal forgiveness to his son, who presses it to his bosom with enthusiasm—and now when Edward leads the partner of his heart towards him, does he not fold her to his bosom with all the tenderness of a father? Oh! how lovely appears this scene of domestic reconciliation, though acted in an old lumber-room, and only viewed by the unsteady glimmering of a rush-light, and a dark lanthorn!—

You may as well lay down your pen, my dear uncle; there is nothing more to be seen—or if there were, I could not see it, till the tears are wiped away, which have dimmed my telescope. And now thou happy family, for to-night, farewell! Here I lay down the office of your historian; and having now been for above two months Edward's most intimate confident, and warmest friend, to-morrow I will set myself at work to become his acquaintance.

### REMEMBRANCE.

To be mindful of an absent friend in the hours of mirth and feasting, when his company is least wanted, shews no slight degree of sincerity.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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## *THE CESTUS; OR GIRDLE OF VENUS.*

*—Fas est et ab hoste diceri.*

OVID.

"Nor need we blush from even a foe to learn."

THE interests of society have been considerably injured by the injudicious conduct of some of our moral writers. They have laid down many general positions of right and wrong, without any precise discrimination of their boundaries, and given authoritative precepts for human conduct, without sufficiently attending to human nature. In attempting to remove the disease, instead of trying the lenient arts of cure, they have frequently made short work, and directly prescribed amputation.

In one important instance, this error has particularly appeared. The fair sex are formed with a propensity to dress and elegance, to gaiety, tenderness, and love. This disposition is their characteristic, and is given them for the best purposes. It is the source of all their influence, and of the highest joys which man can taste. The little excesses of it are undoubtedly foibles, but the want of it is a capital imperfection. Yet, either from spleen, apathy, or affectation, those grave censors have laboured to destroy it in the gross, and have employed for that purpose all the solemnity of learning, and the smartness of ridicule. Every instance of attention to personal attractions, and the minute, but powerful articles of decoration, have been condemned as unpardonable vanity and folly. The tender insinuations, and exquisite blandishments of love, are, according to them, no better than indelicacy or immodesty. Nature, in short, is shown as entirely wrong, and her finest endowments are set at variance with virtue and good sense.

These documents have been particularly injurious to the married state. Women have been led by them into false ideas of themselves, as well as of the other sex, and have been discouraged from the use of those engaging qualities which secure the willing captive in his chains, and from exerting those little tendernesses without which no real happiness can be found. It is much easier to despise than to practise, so that lessons like these have flattered at once their indolence and their ambition. Desirous of being thought above the common character of the sex, superior to trifles, levity, and weakness, and refined into sentimental purity, they have been too easily argued into a contempt of those powerful attractions which have still the most difficult, and most essential part of their task to perform.

Yet the facts of which they most complain, should, one would

imagine, show them their mistake. I mean the many instances of superior, nay, unbounded dominion possessed by those females who associate with our sex, without the sanction of the law. But from a partiality too natural, though they see and feel the effects, they cannot divine the cause. Convinced that they themselves are right, they look for it in the depravity of man's disposition, and think he is managed by arts which lie out of the province of modesty; that he sees peculiar charms in vice, and is governed not so much by the woman, as the wanton.

Could they but personally observe the conduct of these their formidable rivals, they would soon be undeceived. Were they to look behind the curtain, they would see every thing effected by the most natural means, without the aid of any magic, but that which the sex in general possesses. They would be astonished to find that all these mighty powers lie within their own reach, and that the whole secret consists in the proper use of those qualities which they had thrown aside as useless, or condemned as improper. The nature of man would be fairly laid open to their view, and they would learn to touch the strings by which he is actuated. Their knowledge would be founded on experiment, and could, with a slight variation, be adapted to the amiable purposes of virtue. Scenes of this kind would show them woman in her natural state of superiority; and an amazing one it is! Without strength, property, or dominion, they are all laid at her feet. Weak, tender, and timid, she moves fleets and armies with a nod. Independent of all laws, she rules over the makers of those laws. Her influence is all self-centred, and she has only to call it judiciously into action. She stands the most eminent instance in nature, of a gentle force setting a mighty body in motion. She is a combination of mechanic powers beyond any of Archimedes, and can move the world by a hair, without stirring out of her bed-chamber.

This is the universal prerogative of the sex, and only more conspicuous in one part of it, because necessity forces into action those qualities by which it is supported. Every woman is formed for dominion, and to submit to it, is the pride and happiness of man. Not the ungenerous dominions of the shrew, but that gentle, yet unlimited influence over the affections, arising from their numberless, nameless, and bewitching powers. These are by no means peculiar to vice; she seems rather to have stolen them from virtue, when in a fit of remissness; for, to give poignancy to her joys, she is obliged to hide her own features, and assume the air, the language, and the inviting reluctance of her rival. Man loves not vice; he only seeks his own happiness; and, from an honest instinctive gratitude, repays

it, wherever found, with affection and tenderness. Would virtue only display the banner of pleasure, the whole male world would go over to her party.

But custom denies the ladies this scene of observation, they can only resort to their own imaginations. We feel, but we cannot describe the powers by which they subdue, captivate, and command. They are too subtile to be clothed in words, and pass directly to the heart, too rapid even for observation. They operate like spells, or charms, and raise the most unaccountable, as well as the most delightful sympathies, which the human frame can feel.

The prettiest allegory in the world, is that of the Girdle of Venus, which may be exhibited under the single appellation of good-humour. This is undoubtedly the ground, but the embroidering is thus beautifully attempted by Homer, or rather by Pope, though I could wish he had not omitted the *molle baci*, (soft kisses) of Tasso, for they seem to be essentially necessary.

"In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

I would recommend the whole passage, which is both amusing and instructive, to the perusal of my fair married readers. Proposing only, that instead of occasionally borrowing this bewitching ornament from Venus, they should wrest it from her as their property, and wear it by night, as well as by day.

I never knew a lady without a competent share of pride or ambition. Two noble qualities, if they were called in from trifling pursuits, and employed on the valuable purposes of nature. Pride would then blush at being excelled by the lowest of the sex in that art which does honor to woman, and indeed to human nature, the art of pleasing; and ambition would reject every degree of dominion inferior to that unbounded one, which the exertion of this art must necessarily confer.

It is far from my intention to insist on the trite, and, I hope, needless topics of neatness and good temper. There is but little merit in not being a termagant, or a slattern. Something more than negatives is required. Man is an animal with multifarious appetites; it is a noble point gained to command esteem, but it is paying him much too high a compliment, to treat him as a being consisting only of spirit, or capable of subsisting merely on spiritual food. The senses, the passions, the imagination, all expect their share. Every art of elegance, every power of en-

dearment, should therefore be exerted without reserve. Nothing should be deemed trifling that leads to happiness, nor should coldness or austerity be indulged under the specious name of delicacy. Marriage would then get rid of the dull idea which custom too frequently annexes to it, and appear in the inviting form of a perfect union of the sexes, under the protection of all laws, not only for mutual comfort and support, but also for the full and free enjoyment of every rapture which their natures are formed to give and receive.

I beg leave to call upon the ladies to do themselves due honor, and assert their rank in the creation. They are intrusted with the happiness of the world, and the stores of pleasure are in their hands. Man is thrown dependent on their bounty, and implores their kindness as the great palliative of pain, the reward for all the toils, the dangers, and the vicissitudes of life. When he has renounced all other sources of joy but one, it were cruel, ungenerous, and unjust, to make him a loser by his virtue. Amidst the hurry of artificial pleasures, let not nature be overlooked, nor her gentle dictates disregarded, but let it be the pride and happiness of every married woman to make her husband a virtuous voluptuary.

We shall now, in order to give an example of the good effects which attend the observation of the foregoing maxims, insert a true story of an amiable and respectable pair, as communicated by an old gentleman, who was well acquainted with both the parties.

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

DRYDEN.

Even at my time of life, it refreshes the imagination, and diffuses a kind of vernal cheerfulness over every idea. Its efficacy is indeed so irresistible, that women have, in my opinion, most of the moral, and much of the natural evil of the world to account for. The potency of their influence may prevent the one, and disarm the other of its sting. How superstition could be so stupid as to attribute witchcraft to old hags, hardly human, is amazing; but it is no more than a natural truth to say, that every amiable woman is a sorceress; fascination is in her eye, magic in her smile, and a legion of little demons in her touch. When virtue deigns to assume the enchanted wand, the arts of Circe are reversed; man starts from the brute into his proper nature, and rises into refinement and bliss.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

"O! lost to virtue, lost to manly tho't,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone."

YOUNG.

CHEERLESS and comfortless must be the life of a person who

dreads to be alone—who prefers the most frivolous and insipid amusement, to calm and sober reflexion. It has been deemed something extraordinary, that mankind in general know so little of *themselves*—that every person is more blind to his own failings, than those of his neighbour. This, however, will not be found very remarkable, when it is considered, that most men seek an acquaintance with every body else, rather than themselves. We willingly pass an hour in conversation with a neighbour—we scrutinize his character and conduct—we notice all his errors, his blemishes, his weakness; and we do not hesitate to suggest a mode of reformation. But how seldom do we bestow this trouble on *ourselves*. How loth are we to pass even a moment in solitude. How unwilling are we to search into *our own* hearts. With what reluctance do we observe *our own* frailties and follies; and how slow, how criminally negligent, are we in reforming *ourselves*. Man loves *himself* better than any body else; and yet there is no one whose company he so much dreads. I have an acquaintance, who would spend his time more satisfactorily even with his favourite dog, than with *himself alone*.—Whence this dread of solitude? Whence this aversion to reflexion? Do we not too often find a solution of these questions, in the lines of the poet above quoted?

*Balance.*

## *THE COTTAGE.*

### A Fragment.

Sweet pliability of affections, that takes the barb from the dart of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment! I have been the master of a palace, said Horatio, and now my only habitation is this cottage; troops of slaves in livery, then obeyed my nod, now my sheep alone, are obedient to me. The splendid board is exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour, and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain.

But, am I less happy in this nook, where my ill fortune has placed me, than when I passed my laughing youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity? If I am not soothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude. If I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am not the object of calumniating envy; and I am now too far removed into the shade, for scorn to point the finger at me. Fears I have none—and hopes—there is my consolation, there is the source of my joys, and the cure of my sorrows. They no longer rest on vain, idle, fallacious, objects; on private friends, or public justice; they have now a more durable foundation; they rest on Heaven!

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Who censures with modesty, will praise with sincerity.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### THE COQUETTE'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

I AM, you must know, a young woman whose whole dependence is on my person and accomplishments; and, as I would willingly be married to a man of fortune, a description of both may be necessary. In the first place, I have a sweet figure, charming teeth, and the finest eyes in the world; my face has a good deal of wholesome flesh and blood about it, and I fancy myself possessed of a constitution very little favourable to the physicians.—Then, as for my accomplishments, I can sing all the songs in Araxerxes, like a Billington or a Banti; have a natural taste for extravagance and pleasure, and am passionately fond of running into debt. I am, in the strict sense of the word, a bewitching girl, and very happily calculated to break a husband's heart. If any gentleman, therefore, has the least inclination to be made both miserable and a beggar, he can by no means apply to any person more devoted to his service.—But then I expect settlements pretty considerable.—For making a nobleman unhappy, I could not think of less than two thousand a year, though fifteen hundred might possibly be accepted from a Commoner. You may, perhaps, laugh, Sir, at hearing me talk of making the man miserable who shall honour me with his hand, as an argument in my favour; but you do not remember, that the more universal any custom is, the more fashionable it must be considered; and that making each other wretched, is one of the politest accomplishments among certain people of distinction.—Not but that I can preserve appearances tolerably well: I could say "my life!" to a husband at the same time that I was winking at another man in company; and call him "a dear creature!" at the very time that I thought him the greatest brute in the universe.

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A brickman, and a stoneman, happening to quarrel in the street a few days ago, they assaulted each other, and a dreadful *conflict* ensued, in which the combatants made ample use of their respective *rules;* a *theatrical* wit passing at the time, observed, that this was "*Measure for Measure.*"

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A gentleman, who lately kept a dry-good store, not far from Broadway, being no less remarkable for the carbuncles, topazes, and other jewels that enriched his ruby and protuberant nose, than for the small

variety of goods which his shop afforded, being one day rather troubled by some enquiring ladies, who had a multitude of questions to ask, and whose continual cry of, "can you pattern this calico? can you match *this?*" put him considerably out of humour; at length, applying his fore finger most emphatically to the golden prominence on his face, he replied, in a rage, "Madam, can *you* match THIS?"

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Two Sachems of the western Indians, in making a tour to Philadelphia, dined at the house of a gentleman of fortune, amidst a splendid circle; and observing mustard upon the table, one of them, without suspecting the consequence, took a spoonful at once into his mouth, which soon caused the tears to run plentifully down his rugged countenance; collecting himself in a moment, and perhaps no less desirous to conceal his ignorance, than to see his companion caught in the same manner, when asked by his brother Sachem the cause of his crying, replied, without hesitation, that it was caused by reflecting upon the goodness of his father, who was slain in battle. This answer appeared satisfactory to the inquisitive chief, while the rest of the company, out of tenderness to these unrefined sons of nature, could only, with the utmost exertions, restrain themselves from open laughter. From this moment, the one who had learned by experience the quaiities of mustard, kept his eye constantly on his tawny brother of the wilderness, until at length he enjoyed the superlative pleasure of beholding him take a spoonful into his mouth in the same manner he had just done himself, and which was productive of the same effect. The former now in his turn requested of his stern companion the reason of his shedding tears, and was answered, with Indian readiness and wit, "*Because you were not killed when your father was.*"

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Nicholas Rowe, the poet, once went to pay his court to the lord treasurer Oxford, who asked him if he understood Spanish well. He answered "No;" but thinking that his lordship might intend to send him into Spain, on some honorable commission, he presently added, "that he did not doubt but he could shortly be able both to understand, and to speak it." The Earl approving what he said, Rowe took his leave; and, retiring a few weeks to learn the language, waited on the Earl to acquaint him with it. His lordship asking him if he was sure he understood it thoroughly, and Rowe affirming that he did, "how happy are you, Mr. Rowe," said the Earl, "that you can have the pleasure of reading and understanding the history of Don Quixote in the original?"

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At a meeting of a certain corporation, the following, as one of

their primary rules, was offered by one of its members: "The meetings of this corporation shall be on the first *Tuesday* evening of each month, provided it does not fall on the fourth of July, or *on a Sunday.*' The four last words, however, were unanimously rejected.

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A young apprentice to the shoemaking business, lately asked his master, what answer he should make to the often repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Tom!" said the master, "why, tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they do not, I will make them *good for nothing.*"

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A dashing young fellow, of large fortune, lost the other evening, at a Subscription-house, at the west end of the town, eighty thousand pounds; a greater sum than his whole property would pay. The winner, a person of high rank. The unfortunate gamester, worked up to the highest pitch of despair at his preceding ill-luck, gave another proof of his enterprising genius, by doubling the stakes. By this hazardous manoeuvre, he recovered his losses, and won a considerable sum of his antagonist.

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When Socini eloped from Florence, to evade his engagements as professor of civil law there, and being taken and brought back, was committed to prison, he complained that a man of his eminence should undergo such a shameful punishment.—"You should remember," said Lorenzo, "that the shame is not in the *punishment*, but in the *crime.*"

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ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

I knew at London a physician of the name of Brown, who had practised at Barbadoes. He had a sugar-work, and negroes; and having been robbed of a considerable sum, he called together his slaves: "my friends," said he, "the great serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money, should at this instant have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose."

The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you," cried the master, "that robbed me, the great serpent told me so." By this method the physician recovered his money. This scheme is not to be condemned; but, in order to practise it, one must have to do with negroes.

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A dying Father's advice to his Son.

Sir William Penn, who was an admiral in the British navy, during the protectorate of Cromwell, and in the reign of Charles II. gave the following as his dying advice

to his son, William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania.

"Three things, (said the dying admiral) I recommend to you.

1. Let nothing tempt you to wrong conscience: if you keep peace at home, it will be a feast to you in a day of trouble.

2. Whatever you design to do, lay it justly, and time it seasonable; for that gives security and dispatch.

3. Be not troubled at disappointments. If they may be recovered, do it; if not, trouble is in vain.

"These rules will carry you with firmness and comfort through this inconstant world."

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YOUTH.

It has been often said, that the season of youth is the season of pleasure; but this can only be true in savage countries, where but little preparation is made for the perfection of human nature, and where the mind has but a very small part in the enjoyment. It is otherwise, in those places where nature is carried to the highest pitch of refinement, in which this season of the greatest sensual delight is wisely made subservient to the succeeding and more rational one of manhood. Youth, with us, is but a scene of preparation; a drama, upon the right conduct of which, all future happiness is to depend. The youth who follows his appetites, too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients; and, by anticipating his pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share; so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility, and an age of pain.

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To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

I have, unfortunately, been united ten years to a woman whom, heaven knows, I always endeavoured to please, but for the last eight years, all my exertions have been in vain.

Weary of a continual round of noise and strife, I should long since have cut the fatal marriage-tie, had I not been prevented, by love for my two dear children, which disposed me to lead a life of woe, rather than mar the credit of my family. But, sir, things have arrived to such a pitch, that I am resolved to endure no more. Looking over my newspaper last evening, I discovered the enclosed advertisement, and am determined to avail myself of it. I beg, sir, you will be so good as to insert it in your miscellany, for the information of those unfortunates who are situated as I am.

I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

Henry Hardfate.

DIVORCE.

"Those gentlemen or ladies, whose unfortunate situations renders a separation not only desirable but necessary, will find it much to their advantage, by applying to JAMES HUBBELL, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, (Bennington, Vermont) who will (through the liberal provisions of a statute in such cases made and provided by the Legislature of Vermont) procure for them a bill of Divorce, on easy terms that may be agreed on."

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MARRIED,

*On Thursday evening, the 16th inst. by the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Daniel Johnson, merchant, to Miss Catharine Bertine, all of this city.*

*On Thursday evening, the 23d inst. by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Richard Allen, to Miss Tamor Smith.*

*Same evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. William Clark, of the house of Clark and Ogilby, to Miss Jane Bushfield, all of this city.*

*Same evening, by the rev. Robert Forest, Mr. William Small, to Miss Eliza Gill, both of this city.*

*On Saturday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Robert M. Welman, to Miss Hannah Drake, both of this city.*

*On the 18th inst. by the rev. Anthony Kholman, Capt. John Roach, to Miss Elizabeth W. Barry.*

*On Monday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Samuel Martin, to Mrs. Deane.*

*On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archibald McClay, Mr James Kennedy to Miss Isabella Ibettson, all of this city.*

*At Brook-Haven, L. I on Monday, by the rev. Mr. Green, Capt. Robt Moore of this city, to Mrs. Sweesey, of the former place.*

*On Tuesday evening, 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hunting, Mr. Jas Goldsmith, to Miss Eliza Davids, daughter of Mr. Hutchinson Davids, all of Southold, L. I.*

*Likewise, at Southold, within a few weeks—Ensign Noah Terey, to Miss Hannah Downs—Mr. Benj Goldsmith to Miss Eliza Terry—Mr Conklin Albertson to Miss Phebe Terry—Mr. Festus Tuthill to Miss Abigail Mulford.*

.....

DIED,

*On Friday, the 24th inst. after a severe illness of one week, Mr. John Currie, of this city, merchant, aged 66 years.*

*Same day, Mrs. Abigail Marvin, wife of Samuel Marvin, Esq. in the 49th year of her age.*

*On Monday last, Mrs. Mary Hathorn, wife of Mr. John Hathorn, aged 27 years.*

*Of a consumption, Mrs. Catharine Hughes, wife of Mr. Michael Hughes, aged 35 years.*

*On Tuesday morning last, after a lingering illness, which she sustained with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Hannah Tabele, wife of Jacob Tabele, Sen. in the 68th year of her age.*

*On Sunday morning, of a consumption, Mr. Elias Brevoort, merchant, of this city.*

.....

*Our city inspector reports the death of 32 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*The following elegant lines in answer to the persuasive invocation of the charming* EVELINA *were, through inadvertence, omitted in our last number.*

## TO EVELINA.

FAIR Evelina! kind and soothing friend!
Thy words are balsam to a wounded heart;
Trust me, to thy iustruction I'll attend,
And bless thee for the hope thou dost impart.

Yet no apostate from religion's laws,
Mine are the paths a pious mother trod;
Tremblingly I adore great Nature's cause,
A just, omnipotent, almighty God!

To wealth, nor fame, nor beauty, I aspire,
Nor vainly seek the gay and giddy throng,
Domestic care is all that I desire,
But that, alas! has fled—has left me long.

Yet, tho' in cheerless void I pass my days,
My soul forgets not brighter hopes above;
And when my silent orisons I raise,
I rise, assur'd of my Redeemer's love.

"What, rise assur'd?"—and wherefore should I fear?
Ah no, the precept is divinely given
That, "who th' Almighty hand chastiseth here,
"Shall taste his pure, eternal love, in Heaven!"

JULIA FRANCESCA.

For the Ladys Miscellany.

## *APRIL-FOOL-DAY.*

A POEM.—BY CHEVIOT.

Now lawless boys, your wicked wit display,
Fool th' incautious—laugh the hours away,
For custom gives the rogues prerogative
To cheat, deceive, and act the fool,
And practise tricks they learnt at school,
On April-fool-day; how merrily they live.

Wit's not confin'd to men of education,
But relish'd too—by all the negro nation:
Nor rests it there, the parson in his gown,
And eke the lawyer, questions not his right,
The auctioneer throws in his puny mite,
His Honor too—and all the wags in town.

*Quashy* with joy anticipates the day,
When with impunity his tricks he'll play;
Intent upon his pun—he puts a crown
Just on the vault-grate, fasten'd to a hair,
Then runs below, in case one should prepare
To pick it up, that he could pull it down.

It happen'd, that his Honor ——— passing by,

With rising joy the crown did spy ;
" That crown is mine," said he, "as sure as fate."
Regardless of the laugh of people round,
He stoops to raise his prize from off the ground,
When suddenly it tumbl'd down the grate !

I've heard of sounds prophetic from below,
Which frighten'd maids, and frighten'd heroes too ;
Not so was this, 'twas simply " *April fool.*"
His Honor mutt'ring, cry'd, " you son of gun,
If I could reach you, I would stop your fun,
My cane should make your spirits cool "

Tho' *Quashy* was not bred a scholar,
He knew enough to save his dollar ;
And fearing lest some knowing wight,
Might cut the hair, for fun or spite,
He tho't he'd better put some merc'ry there,
And place it in such shape and size,
As might deceive weak mortals' eyes,
And would be tho't a dollar new and fair.

His Honor took his walk, then wheel'd about,
Retracing step for step, the self same rout,
Espy'd the mercury—his honor tho't,
Since he had been so fool'd before,
He'd exercise his college lore,
And not be cheated thus by *Quash* for naught.

Exulting in his well digested plan,
He seem'd to prize the dignity of man ;
Pretending not to mind *at all* the bait,
Until he reach'd the spot where lay
The guiltless merc'ry, his destin'd prey,
He clapt his foot upon it, firm as fate.

When lo ! the merc'ry, in its pride was gone,
Not liking much to be thus tread upon,
And when his Honor *stoop'd* to catch the oar,
His searching eyes, astonish'd, could not find it—
Thus twice perplex'd, he tho't he would not mind it,
But *pass indignant* as he did before.

[*To be continued.*]

## *A SIMILIE.*

I GAVE, 'twas but the other day,
LYDIA a ticket for the play—
('Tis love such tricks impart :)
When holding up the card to me,
She laughing said, " your emblem see,"
And show'd the knave of hearts.

Amaz'd, I cried " what means my fair ?
A knave will lie, will steal, will swear,
Your words, I pray, define."
She smil'd and said, " nay, never start,
He's sure a knave who steals a heart,
And you have stolen mine."

## TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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Postage of letters to the Editor must be paid, or their contents will not be attended to.

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